

to it. The centre is a quadrangle. "When I reached the gateway under the tower many women welcomed me, and led me down a darkish passage to the gallery afore-said, which has a pretty view of low hills, with mulberries and pomegranates in the foreground. This gallery runs the whole length of the fort, and good rooms open upon it. It was furnished with rugs upon the floor, and two long wooden settees, covered with checked native blankets in squares of Indian yellow and madder red.

I had presents for the favourite wife, but as one man said this was the favourite, and another that, and the hungry eyes of sixteen women were fixed on the parcels, I took the safer course of presenting them to the Khan for the "ladies of the *andarun*" Yahya Khan sent to know if it would be agreeable to me for him to make his salaam to me, a proposal which I gladly accepted as a relief from the curiosity and disagreeable familiarity of the women. There was a complete rabble of women in the gallery, with crawling children and screaming babies—a forlorn, disorderly household, in which the component parts made no secret of their hatred and jealousy of each other.

I pitied the Khan as he came in to this Babel of intriguing women and untutored children—of women without womanliness and children without innocence—the lord and master of the women, but not in any noble sense their husband, nor is the house,* or any polygamous house, in any sense a home.

The wife who, I \^as afterwards told, is
the " reigning
ing favourite " sat on the same settee as her
lord, and he
ignored the whole of them. Her father,
Bagha Khan,
asked me to give into his care the present for
her, lest it
should make the other wives jealous.

Yahya Khan rules a large part of the
Pulawand tribe,
1000 families, and aspires to the
chieftainship of its